VISIT…

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

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Devil's Brigade: Part Eight
Command Performance
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Publish or Perish
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Devil's Brigade: Part Nine
No Loss to the Community
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FOREWORD

We begin tonight's sermon on the word of Leviathan (order, discipline, agony, suffering — they're all good words, take your pick) with an abject apology to writer Mark Kneece, whose credit was unhappily *un*-credited on issue nine's "The Tontine." The talented Mr. Kneece co-wrote that dark treatise on camaraderie gone wrong with *Hellraiser* favorite Scott Hampton, but Mark's name got mistakenly consigned to the abyss somewhere along the way. And though forgiveness is not exactly the stock in trade of this publication, we beg Mr. Kneece's in regards to this gaffe. Fans of "The Tontine" should also note that the story's final two pages were unfortunately transposed; that is, the printed last page is *really* the second-to-last, the second-to-last *really* the conclusion — when you get to the story's end, read the last page *before* the second-to-last and you'll get the authors' original intent. Sincere apologies to all affected, and damn us to Hell for our mixed-up part in it all.

And where these incidents are concerned, we won't even have fun while we're down there. On to other strangeness. . .

While we don't feature a letter column herein, we *do* appreciate the many comments we receive via your pens, pencils, word processors and crayons (I'm praying that red stuff was crayon). To address that correspondence (and 'cause I'm always on the prowl for topics to fill this page and earn my pizza money for the next 6 weeks) we'll occasionally be opening up this space to your words, gentle reader. A sampling, from one Rodney Collins:

I would truly like to congratulate you all for the success of that malformed abortion. It will undoubtedly haunt me with acute (sic) *visions of poignant agony and ample agitation to fuel the cacophony of Howeling Deamons* (sic) *that go 'round and around the Boney Helmut* (sic) *of my skull. It is probable that the stilletto-like* (sic) *glint of this malevolent gem will remain imprinted upon my optic nerve for a considerable length of time. I await trembling with anticipation for you to apply your literary whips once again to my burning mind.*

Rodney was kind enough to authenticate his communique with a smeared scarlet imprint of a human hand.

Soon to generate mail all their own, this issue's selection of lunatics running the asylum. Honorary Cenobites Sholly Fisch and Mike Hoffman return to the old haunt with "Publish Or Perish," a parable on bringing higher learning to new depths. In "The Schedule," a company executive gets business advice from some infernal efficiency experts; Chris Henderson and Vincent Cecolini provide the words, Paris Cullins and Tom Vincent the pictures. And it's an assault by *The Devil's Brigade* as writer Ron Wolfe and artist Derek Yaniger direct the next act in the fiendish Face's inner city tragedy, "Command Performance"; while *Weaveworld* adaptor Erick Saltzgaber wages urban warfare with the Cenobite Atkins in "No Loss To The Community"; Jackson Guice and Alfred Ramirez provide the illustrative ammunition.

Next time out, more good times being bad, and even another letter or two. Until then, don't take any wooden puzzle boxes. . .and join me in that prayer about that red stuff really being *just* crayon. . .

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor

M.L. JOHN INC.'s DIRECTOR OF MANUFACTURING, AUGUST MOORE, HAS PLACED AN EMPLOYEE, WHO HAS BEEN OUTPUTTING LESS THAN SATISFACTORY WORK, ON THE PROVERBIAL "HOT SEAT"
THE OFFENDER: JAK GLEASON, FRESH OUT OF COLLEGE AND NOT YET RESIGNED TO THE NOTION THAT "TIME IS MONEY."
MORE CONCERNED WITH FEMALE CO-WORKERS, CLOCK WATCHING, AND AMUSING HIMSELF THAN STRIVING TO MEET DEADLINES, IT IS NOT THE FIRST TIME HE HAS BEEN PUT IN THIS POSITION.
GLEASON, I'M AT MY WIT'S END WITH YOU. MY DEPARTMENT IS A WELL-OILED, FINELY-TUNED MACHINE. MY PEOPLE ARE THE WHEELS AND GEARS OF THAT MACHINE, WORKING TOGETHER TO CREATE FLAWLESS PRODUCT.
I KEEP MY FINGER ON THE PULSE OF THAT MACHINE FOR A REASON... BECAUSE I WILL BE DAMNED IF IT EVER SLOWS, MALFUNCTIONS, OR STOPS.
YOU, MR. GLEASON, ARE A GEAR IN MY MACHINE. A GEAR THAT HAS BECOME MISALIGNED, GRINDING AGAINST THE OTHER PARTS-- RUINING THEM AS YOU RUIN YOURSELF. AND I WILL NOT STAND FOR IT. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
YES SIR.
YOU MORON.
THE SCHEDULE
BEHIND HIS BACK, THE "GEARS" REFER TO AUGUST MOORE BY A VARIETY OF EXPLETIVES, BUT, THE CORPORATE HEADS APPRECIATE HIM. HIS DEPARTMENT, ORGANIZED AND DISCIPLINED, CONSISTENTLY PRODUCES HIGH LEVELS OF QUALITY WORK.
Chris Henderson
Vincent Cecolini
writers
Paris Cullins
artist
Tom Vincent
color artist
Gaspar
letterer

GLEASON, WHAT IS IT WITH YOU? WHY CAN'T YOU GET WITH THE PROGRAM AROUND HERE? IT CAN'T BE THAT HARD TO JUST DO YOUR JOB. PERHAPS IT'S ME. PERHAPS LIFE IN OUR LITTLE FAMILY HAS BEEN MADE TOO EASY FOR YOU.
AS MY FATHER USED TO SAY..." BY THE WORK ONE KNOWS THE WORKMAN." I'D HATE TO TELL YOU WHAT YOUR WORK AROUND HERE SHOWS ME.
NOW, PLEASE, GET BACK TO YOUR DESK AND TRY TO SHOW A LITTLE OF THE SPIRIT M.L. JOHN AND I ARE EXPECTING FROM YOU!
SON, I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS WITH YOU. WHY YOU CAN'T GET WITH THE PROGRAM IN THIS HOUSEHOLD IS BEYOND ME. IT CAN'T BE THAT HARD TO DO A FEW SIMPLE CHORES. MAYBE IT'S ME. MAYBE I'VE ALLOWED THINGS TO GO ON TOO LONG... BEEN TOO EASY ON YOU. WELL LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, YOUNG MAN...
AS JEAN De La FONTAINE SAID... " BY THE WORK ONE KNOWS THE WORKMAN." I'D HATE TO TELL YOU WHAT YOUR ACTIONS AROUND HERE SHOW.
NOW, IF YOU PLEASE, TRY AND SHOW AT LEAST A LITTLE OF THE SPIRIT YOUR MOTHER AND I EXPECT FROM YOU...
M.L. JOHN, INC. SHOWED GREAT WISDOM IN HIRING AUGUST MOORE.
PERHAPS MORE THAN MOORE SHOWED IN HIRING GLEASON.

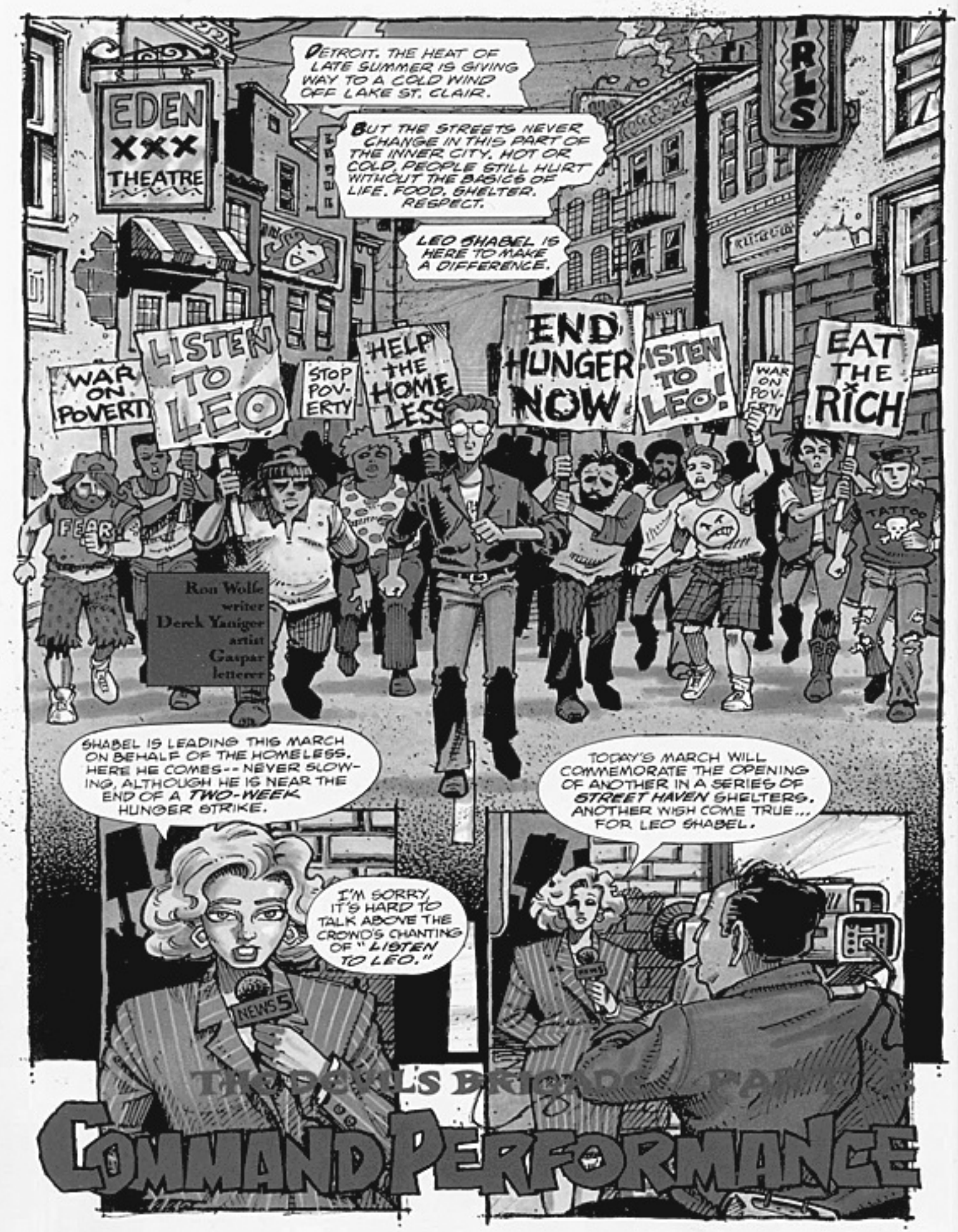
IGNORING HIS WARNING, AGAIN NEGLECTING HIS SIZABLE PILE OF PAPERWORK, GLEASON ONCE MORE CONCERNED HIMSELF WITH "CONFIGURIX", A WOODEN PUZZLE HE HAD PURCHASED AT A LOCAL CURIO SHOP.
ONE WINS ONE'S BATTLE WITH THE "CONFIGURIX" WHEN ONE MANEUVERS ITS VARIOUS ADJACENT PIECES INTO ONE WHOLE, UNIFORMED CUBE.
IT HAS BECOME ZAK GLEASON'S OBSESSION.
ONE BY ONE, HIS CO-WORKERS NOTICE.
NOW WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
TRYING TO SOLVE THIS THING.
AT IT AGAIN.
GO, MAN-- GO.
YOU CAN DO IT, ZAK.
BETTER WATCH OL' MOORE DOESN'T CATCH Y'ALL.
ORGANIZATION IS THE BACKBONE OF ALL TRUE SUCCESS.
DISCIPLINE, ROUTINE, COHESIVE STRUCTURE: THOSE ARE THE ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE WORLD'S ILLS. WHY ARE PEOPLE SO BLIND TO THE BENEFITS OF ORDER?
NOW WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON OUT HERE?

MOORE.
ALL OF YOU, BACK TO WORK!
AND, WHAT IS IT NOW, GLEASON?
uh... JUST A LITTLE BREATHER, SIR. I CAN'T SEEM TO FIGURE THIS PUZZLE.
YOU CAN'T FIGURE THIS? IT'S JUST A MATTER OF STRUCTURE.
THERE-- SOLVED!
WHAT THE?!
WE ARE CENOBITES...
VANGUARDS OF LEVIATHAN...
WHO HAS SUMMONED US?
WHICH OF YOU SOLVED THE CONFIGURATION? WHICH WILL RETURN WITH US?
SUMMONED?...
...HE DID IT! IT'S HIS FAULT.
WHA... WHAT DO YOU WANT?
"YOU DESIRED US. NOW, WE DESIRE YOU."
WHAT? I WON'T STAND FOR THIS. YOU'RE DISRUPTING MY DEPARTMENT.
GET OUT OF HERE!

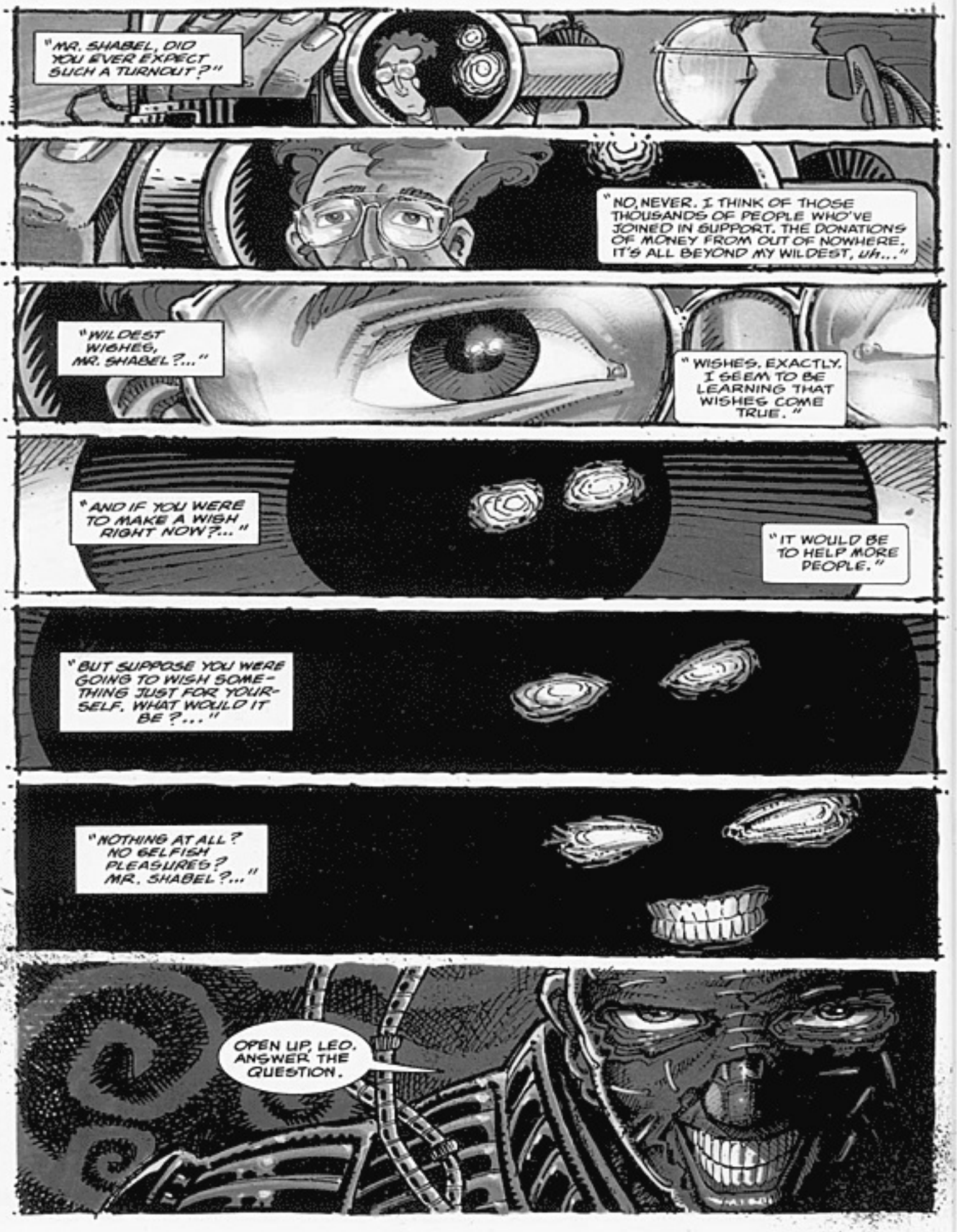
THE WAY THIS MAN SPEAKS.
AUTHORITY- AKIN TO OUR LORD.
WHY DID YOU NEGOTIATE THE CONFIGURATION?
THIS UNDERLING WAS USING IT TO CREATE CHAOS.
I WILL STAND FOR NOTHING LESS THAN COMPLETE ORDER. AS YOU CAN SEE, ALL OF MY SUBORDINATES ARE PERFECTLY DISCIPLINED--A STATE I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR MAINTAINING.
I SOLVED THIS THING, WHATEVER IT IS, TO END THE STEADILY MOUNTING CHAOS IN THIS DEPARTMENT; A CHAOS WHICH THE TWO OF YOU ARE NOW SUSTAINING.
IT MUST END.
THIS MAN--HE DOES LEVIATHAN'S BIDDING HERE.
LIKE US...
...HE BRINGS SWEET ORDER TO A WORLD BATHED IN CHAOS.
LEVIATHAN WOULD APPROVE.
HOWEVER, THE SAME CANNOT BE SAID FOR YOU.

IT IS TIME TO GO.
NO. WAIT. MOORE SOLVED THE BLOODY PUZZLE. TAKE HIM!
SOMETIMES WHAT MUST BE SOLVED IS MORE THAN YOU CAN HOLD IN YOUR HAND.
DAMN YOU, MOORE. NOOOOOOO!
CHAK
CHAK
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!
GORRAK
MY GOD.
ALL RIGHT. AUGUST, CALM YOURSELF. STRAIGHTEN UP.
HMMMM. AND NOW ANOTHER POSITION TO FILL. OH WELL, BEST GET THE PROPER FORM. MUST THINK OF THE SCHEDULE.

THE END


DETROIT. THE HEAT OF LATE SUMMER IS GIVING WAY TO A COLD WIND OFF LAKE ST. CLAIR.
BUT THE STREETS NEVER CHANGE IN THIS PART OF THE INNER CITY. HOT OR COLD, PEOPLE STILL HURT WITHOUT THE BASICS OF LIFE. FOOD. SHELTER. RESPECT.
LEO SHABEL IS HERE TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE.
EDEN XXX THEATRE
WAR ON POVERTY
LISTEN TO LEO
STOP POVERTY
HELP THE HOMELESS
END HUNGER NOW
LISTEN TO LEO!
WAR ON POVERTY
EAT THE RICH
FEAR
TATTOO
Ron Wolfe writer
Derek Yaniger artist
Gaspar letterer
SHABEL IS LEADING THIS MARCH ON BEHALF OF THE HOMELESS. HERE HE COMES -- NEVER SLOWING, ALTHOUGH HE IS NEAR THE END OF A TWO-WEEK HUNGER STRIKE.
I'M SORRY, IT'S HARD TO TALK ABOVE THE CROWD'S CHANTING OF "LISTEN TO LEO."
NEWS 5
TODAY'S MARCH WILL COMMEMORATE THE OPENING OF ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF STREET HAVEN SHELTERS. ANOTHER WISH COME TRUE... FOR LEO SHABEL.
NEWS
COMMAND PERFORMANCE

THE STREET HAVEN
915
NEWS 5
CHICAGO, THEN PITTSBURGH, HOUSTON, NOW DETROIT... CITIES ACROSS THE UNITED STATES ARE RESPONDING TO SHABEL'S CALL TO ESTABLISH STREET SHELTERS.
AND SHABEL IS PROMPTING COMMENT FROM SEEMINGLY EVERY QUARTER, INCLUDING TODAY'S SURPRISE--A POINT OF AGREEMENT BETWEEN FATHER PETER ABADDON AND TV EVANGELIST SAMUEL.
FATHER ABADDON DESCRIBED SHABEL'S SUCCESS AS "A MIRACLE." SAMUEL AGREED, SAYING THE RENOWNED PRIEST "CAN'T BE WRONG EVERY TIME, BUT, HEAVEN KNOWS, HE DOES TRY."
LOS CAT
GO LEO
LISTEN TO LEO
WE'RE GOING TO SEE IF WE CAN HAVE A WORD WITH LEO SHABEL.
IT WON'T BE EASY. THE CROWD IS STILL CHANTING, SO LOUD... THIS MUST BE HOW IT FEELS TO BE INSIDE A TORNADO.
NEWS
LISTEN TO LEO
WAR ON POVERTY
HELP
NEWS 5
MR. SHABEL?... HE CAN'T HEAR.
LISTEN TO LEO
PLEASE! I WANT QUIET!
AND THE CROWD FALLS TO SILENCE--LIKE THE SLACK-JAWED QUIET OF A SUDDEN DEATH!


"MR. SHABEL, DID YOU EVER EXPECT SUCH A TURNOUT?"
"NO, NEVER. I THINK OF THOSE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WHO'VE JOINED IN SUPPORT. THE DONATIONS OF MONEY FROM OUT OF NOWHERE. IT'S ALL BEYOND MY WILDEST, uh..."
"WILDEST WISHES, MR. SHABEL?..."
"WISHES, EXACTLY. I SEEM TO BE LEARNING THAT WISHES COME TRUE."
"AND IF YOU WERE TO MAKE A WISH RIGHT NOW?..."
"IT WOULD BE TO HELP MORE PEOPLE."
"BUT SUPPOSE YOU WERE GOING TO WISH SOMETHING JUST FOR YOURSELF. WHAT WOULD IT BE?..."
"NOTHING AT ALL? NO SELFISH PLEASURES? MR. SHABEL?..."
OPEN UP, LEO. ANSWER THE QUESTION.

I WATCH HIM THROUGH THE PASSAGE-WAYS OF COLD, WHITE LIGHT--JUST AS I KNOW THE EYE OF LEVIATHAN IS ON ME.
HELL MANDATES A WORLD IN CONTROL, AND I AM CHARGED WITH KEEPING LEO SHABEL IN LINE WITH HELL'S INTERESTS.
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND HIM. I'VE STRENGTHENED HIS CAUSE, MADE HIS WISHES COME TRUE. THE MAN OUGHT TO BE SATISFIED. BUT HERE HE IS--STILL THE YAMMERING GADFLY, OUT TO CHANGE THE WORLD.
WHAT WOULD IT TAKE TO LOCK HIM INTO THE STATUS QUO?--TO MAKE HIM HAPPY?
MMMMAGHH!
NO, NOTHING AS SIMPLE AS THIS, I'M AFRAID, MY FRIEND.
LEO SHABEL IS A PUZZLE I INTEND TO BREAK OPEN!
BECAUSE LEVIATHAN WILLS IT! BECAUSE THIS IS THE TIME OF CONFIGURATION, AND FOR ANOTHER REASON...
HE INTRIGUES ME.

OUR LITTLE NIP-AND-TUCK WILL HAVE TO WAIT...
IT SEEMS I HAVE ANOTHER SORT OF SURGERY TO PERFORM--ON LEO SHABEL, ALTHOUGH NOT WITH A KNIFE.
I'LL NEED SOMETHING WITH A SHARPER EDGE FOR DEEPER CUTS.
MMM--UNGGHH!
THE WOMAN! THE ONE IN CHICAGO--
I CAN USE HER LIKE A SCALPEL--
TO CUT OUT HIS HEART.
LISA ANN MERCER. SHE FIGHTS MY CONTROL, BUT HE IS DRAWN TO HER. I DON'T KNOW WHY. SHE'S NOTHING SPECIAL.
AH! BUT THEN, I HAVE NO USE FOR LOVE--ONLY FOR LOVERS.
W-WHY, IT'S BEAUTIFUL!... BUT, LEO, HOW COULD YOU AFFORD THIS?

CAT
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, LIGA ANN.
SHE KNOWS THE NECKLACE IS WORTH A MONTH'S SALARY IN HER JOB -- DIRECTOR OF A SMALL-TIME COMMUNITY THEATER. BUT SHE NEVER CARED FOR MONEY.
I WANT YOU TO LOVE ME!
I ALLOWED MYSELF A LITTLE PAYMENT, THAT'S ALL.
A LITTLE WEAKNESS!--
I'M TIRED, SO DAMNED TIRED OF DENYING MYSELF. I HAVE NEEDS OF MY OWN. SELFISH... SELFISH PLEASURES, AND I WANT...
SHE CAN'T SEEM TO THINK STRAIGHT. SHE FEELS LIGHT-HEADED--A STRANGE, SUDDEN PAIN IN THE BACK OF HER EYES.
CALL IT A WISH COME TRUE, LEO. ON A COUNT OF THREE--
LEO, YOU TOOK MONEY AWAY FROM THE STREET HAVEN -- STOLE FROM THE DONATIONS, IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME?

"ONE!--"
Y-YEG, I... STOLE. THERE'S NO EXCUSE.
"TWO!--"
"THREE!--"
LISA ANN! WHAT'S WRONG?!
WRONG, WHY... NOTHING, JUST... ONE-TWO-THREE, I LOVE YOU.
YOU'RE THE DREAMER, YOU'RE THE WISH-MAKER. YOU'RE THE MAGIC MAN, LEO.
ANYTHING YOU WANT, IT'S YOURS. ANYONE. ME.
HOW STRANGE IT IS TO SEE HIM THROUGH THE WOMAN'S EYES-- TO READ HIS EMOTIONS. FEAR AND BEWILDERMENT. YEARNING. SURRENDER.
I AM HERE, LIKE A WASP IN HER MIND. INSIDE OF HER. THE ULTIMATE ROLE.
I AM THE SMILE ON HER LIPS. I AM THE WORDS IN HER MOUTH. I AM THE TOUCH OF HER HAND. AND I AM RETURNED TO MY CALLING--AS THE ACTOR IN THE MASK!

THIS PART OF CHICAGO'S MICHIGAN AVENUE IS KNOWN AS THE MAGNIFICENT MILE. FOR LEO, IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ANOTHER DIMENSION--A PLACE WHERE NOBODY LIVES IN NEED.
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. $50 FOR A STEAK!...
AND I'M LAUGHING!
YOU DESERVE IT. WE DESERVE IT.
AND I FEEL SO...CLEAN, SO ALIVE, SO FAR AWAY FROM THE SHABBINESS OF OUR LIVES IN THE REAL WORLD.
BUT THIS COULD BE OUR REAL WORLD, LEO. WE COULD BELONG HERE.
BELONG? I'M ONLY HERE BECAUSE I TOOK MONEY THAT BELONGED TO THE SHELTER. THIS IS JUST A...NIGHT OFF, FOR ME.
BUT, RIGHT NOW, LOOKING AT YOU... I CAN'T SAY THAT I'M SORRY. CAN'T SEE...HOW IT COULD END.
'SCUSE ME, MISTER...Y'GOT ANY SPARE CHANGE?
NO! LEAVE ME ALONE!

HEY! I SEEN YOU ON TV-- YEAH, ON THE NEWS, "LISTEN TO LEO!" LISTEN TO LEO!"
WELL, I'M LISTENIN', LEO. AND ALL I'M HEARIN' IS JUST ONE MORE BIG LIE-- FROM ONE MORE BIG FAKE!
GET OUT OF MY LIFE! DEAD AND GONE, DAMN YOU!--
MMMMPH
YOU'VE RUINED THIS... YOU'RE...
...HERE'S MONEY, CHOKE ON IT!
DIE!... D-DIE...
LEO, COME WITH ME. YOU CAN'T RISK BEING RECOGNIZED, ACTING THIS WAY!

I-I WISHED HE WOULD DIE. I'M SORRY...
NEVER MIND.
JUST REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE--
"YOU'RE THE MAGIC MAN, LEO."
"L-LISA ANN? WHERE ARE WE GOING?..."
"Shhh. LEO. TO A PLACE I KNOW--A PLACE WHERE YOU'LL FORGET ABOUT THAT AWFUL MAN."
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
I'M JOKING. DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY.
I WISH YOU COULD HAVE SEEN THE SHOW ONE NIGHT BEFORE IT CLOSED.
THE COMMUNITY THEATER--MY LIFE'S WORK, DRAGGING TENNESSEE WILLIAMS INTO THE GUTTER.
I'LL SHOW YOU, THE STAGE IS STILL SET.
CLK
STEP INTO MY PARLOR...
IT'S TIME FOR SOME FUN IN THE DARK, LEO.

WHA?--IT REALLY IS A PARLOR.
A STAGE SET. WE USED IT FOR "THE GLASS MENAGERIE--"
THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO ACHES FOR SOMEONE TO CARE ABOUT HER...TO LISTEN TO HER SECRET THOUGHTS.
LET'S PLAY A GAME.
PRETEND WE'VE JUST MET. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT ME--YOU WANT TO TRUST ME. TELL ME SECRETS.
LISA ANN?... YOU'RE CRYING.
AM I?
HER MIND IS RESILIENT. I CAN'T STOP HER FROM CRYING, AND SHE'S SMART, AND HE MIGHT TAKE THE WARNING--
BUT, HEAR ME, GIRL: YOUR TEARS WON'T SET YOU FREE.

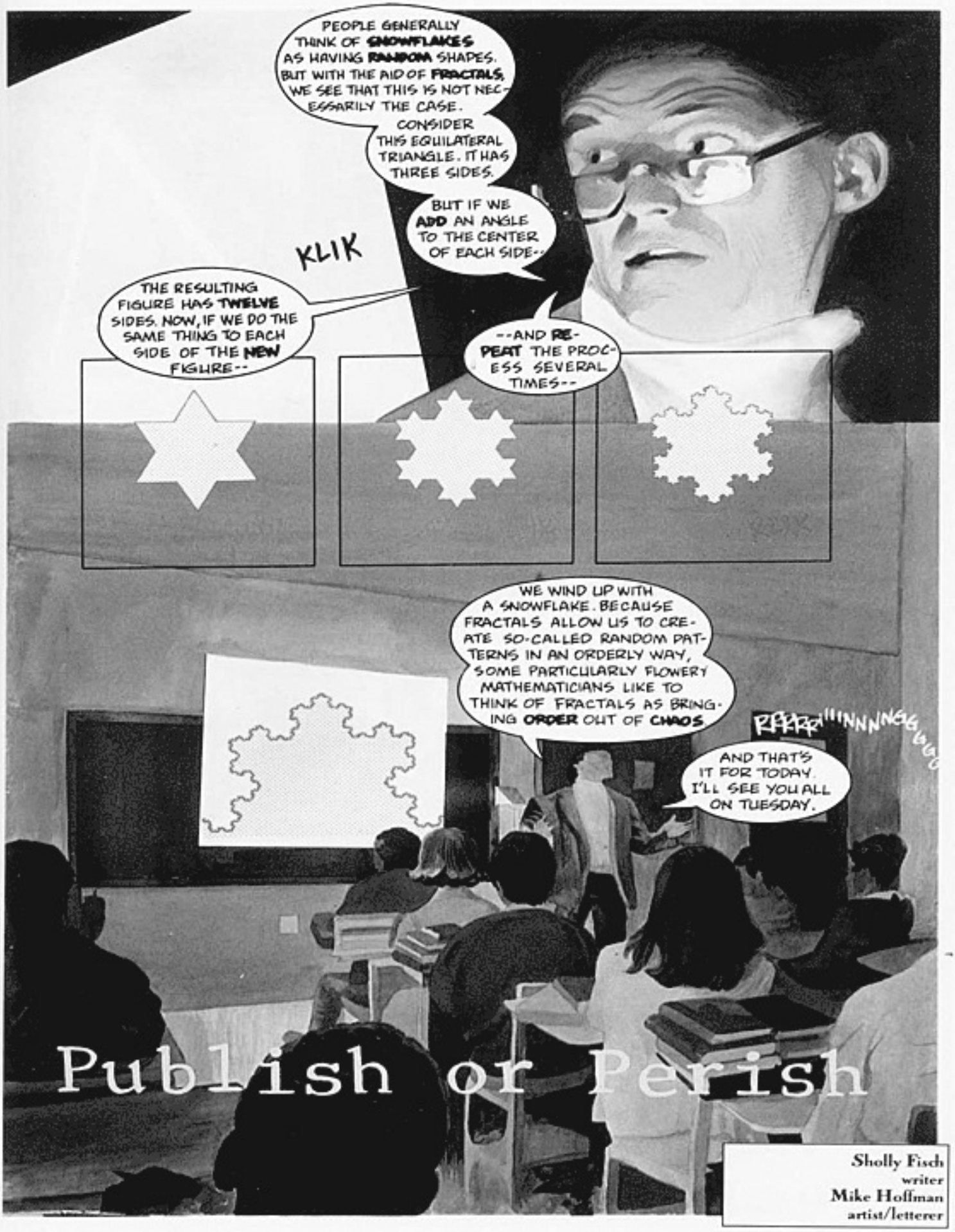
TELL ME... WHAT YOU'VE NEVER TOLD ANYONE ELSE...
...ABOUT LEO SHABEL.
A-ALL RIGHT. BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO TELL, SO I'LL MAKE UP A STORY.
I'LL SAY, "ONCE UPON A TIME..."
"...THERE WAS A BOY NAMED LEO."
"LEO HAD A BABY SISTER, THE PRETTIEST BABY."
"LEO HATED HER."
"THE BABY STOLE HIS MOTHER'S LOVE. HIS ROOM. HIS TOYS."
"BUT LEO GOT EVEN. HE USED THE ONE-EYED TEDDY BEAR. SOFT AND FURRY, AND SMOTHERING--
SAY NIGHT-NIGHT, BYE-BYE, LISA.

"HE'D KILLED HER BEFORE HE KNEW IT. LEO RAN!"
"BUT HE HAD NOWHERE TO GO."
"HE LEARNED A FEAR OF BEING HOMELESS. ALONE. HUNGRY."
"THE POLICE FOUND HIM. HE WAS TOO SCARED TO HIDE, AND HE DESERVED TO BE PUNISHED."
"BUT THEY TOLD HIM HIS SISTER HAD DIED OF S.I.D.S.--CRIB DEATH."
"NOBODY BLAMED LEO."
I SWORE THEN... THAT I'D BE SORRY FOREVER, AND THAT I WOULD MAKE UP FOR WHAT I'D DONE WRONG--
I SWORE I'D DO GOOD FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.
BUT YOU WEREN'T SORRY, WERE YOU, LEO?...

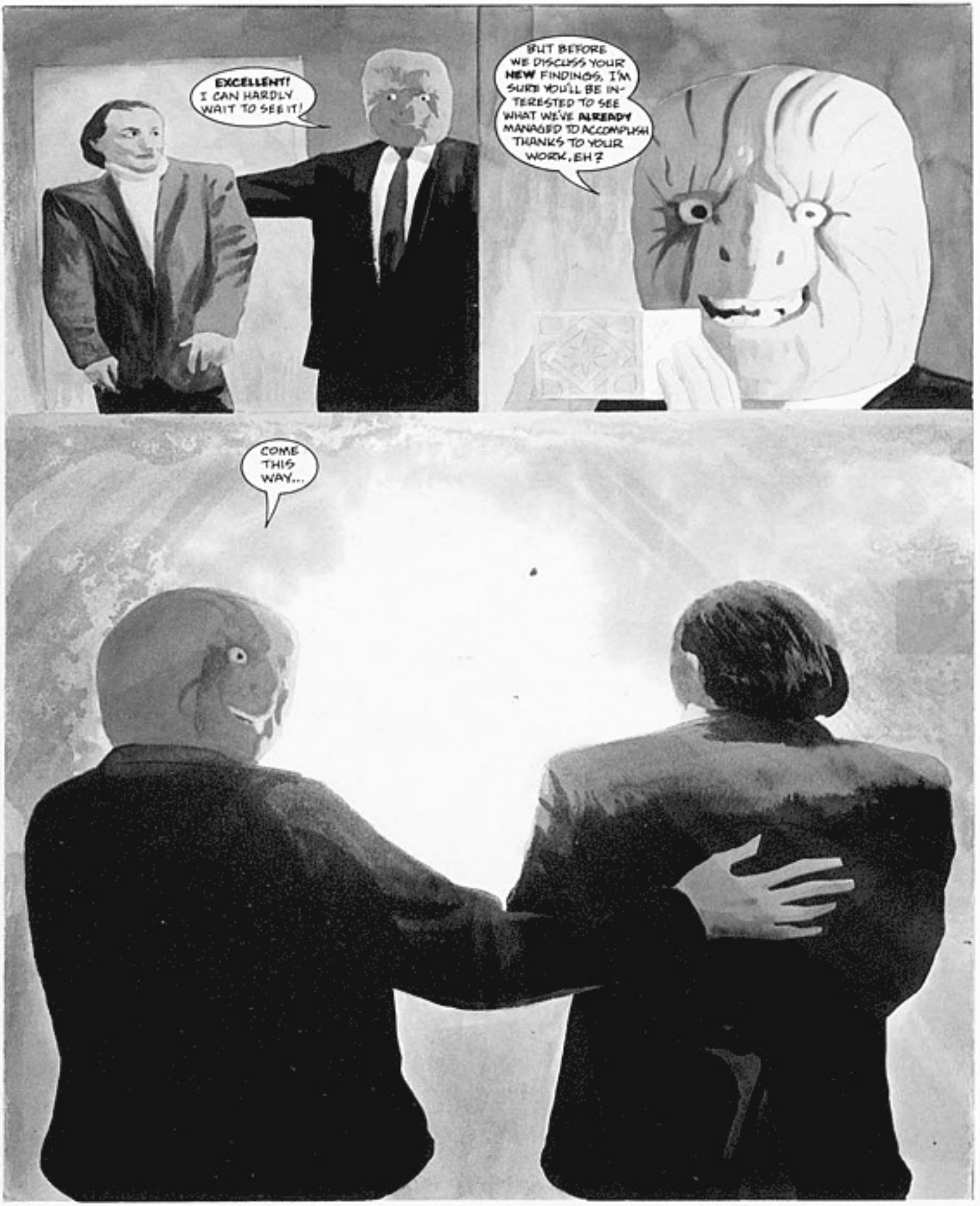
NO! I STILL HATED HER! I WISHED-- I WISHED--
--I COULD KILL HER AGAIN!
AGAINNNN! KILL YOU AGAIN, PRETTY BABY!
SAY NIGHT-NIGHT, BYE-BYE, LISA!
AAAGNN!
N-NNN- NO!
SHE FEELS THE TOUCH OF DEATH IS ON HER. BUT SHE FEELS--NOT THE EVIL INSIDE HER, THE MONSTER SHE WILL NEVER COMPREHEND.
SHE IS DYING, BUT SHE IS DYING WITH HER OWN NAME. LISA ANN MERCER. HER OWN SOUL!
BE GLAD FOR ME, LEO. I'M... FREE!...

ESCAPED... THE DEMON...
...THE CENOBITE... THE FACE...
TCH! A POIGNANT DEMISE, LEO--A DEATH SCENE TO BEFIT THE TRAGIC HEROINE!
STILL, I WONDER HOW TENNESSEE WILLIAMS WOULD HAVE PLAYED IT. SHE DID SO MUCH LOVE THE MAN'S WRITING.
HE WROTE THAT ONLY ANIMALS ARE COMPELLED BY INSTINCT. SCENE IV IN "THE GLASS MENAGERIE."
HE WROTE, "SURELY, YOUR AIMS ARE SOMEWHAT HIGHER THAN THEIRS."
BUT, HERE WE ARE, LEO, AND HOW WOULD YOU ANSWER HIM?
HOW MUCH HIGHER?

THE END


PEOPLE GENERALLY THINK OF SNOWFLAKES AS HAVING RANDOM SHAPES. BUT WITH THE AID OF FRACTALS, WE SEE THAT THIS IS NOT NECESSARILY THE CASE.
CONSIDER THIS EQUILATERAL TRIANGLE. IT HAS THREE SIDES.
BUT IF WE ADD AN ANGLE TO THE CENTER OF EACH SIDE--
KLIK
THE RESULTING FIGURE HAS TWELVE SIDES. NOW, IF WE DO THE SAME THING TO EACH SIDE OF THE NEW FIGURE--
--AND REPEAT THE PROCESS SEVERAL TIMES--
WE WIND UP WITH A SNOWFLAKE. BECAUSE FRACTALS ALLOW US TO CREATE SO-CALLED RANDOM PATTERNS IN AN ORDERLY WAY, SOME PARTICULARLY FLOWERY MATHEMATICIANS LIKE TO THINK OF FRACTALS AS BRINGING ORDER OUT OF CHAOS.
RRRR

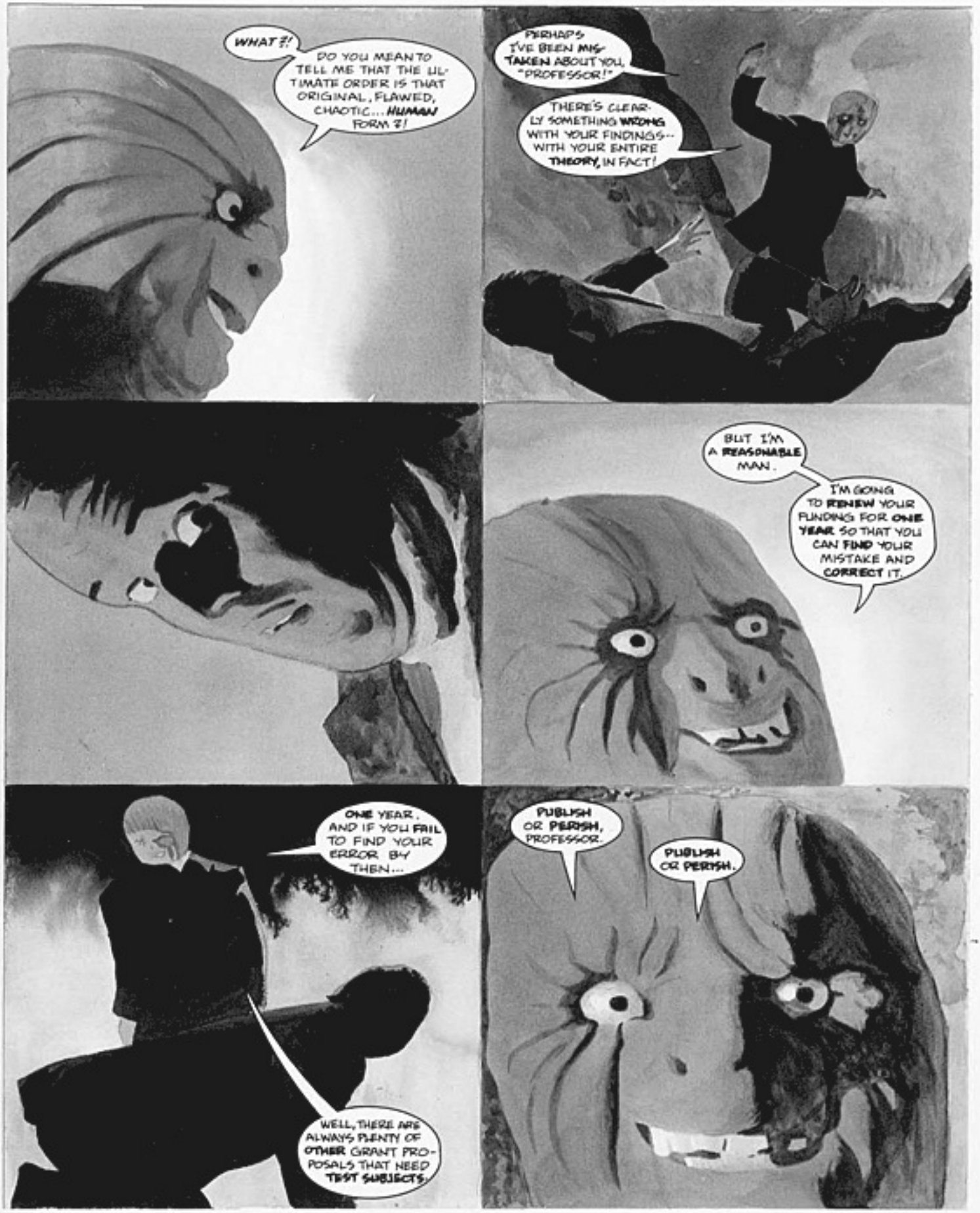
WELL, HELLO, GLORIA. HOW ARE YOU TODAY?
FINE, THANK YOU, PROFESSOR.
OH, YOU ASKED ME TO REMIND YOU THAT THE GENTLEMAN FROM THE FUNDING AGENCY WILL BE COMING BY TODAY FOR THE SITE VISIT.
RIGHT. THANKS. LET ME KNOW AS SOON AS HE GETS HERE, WILL YOU?
AH!
GOOD MORNING, PROFESSOR. I'M HERE FOR THE SITE VISIT.
MY NAME IS LACE.
The LeMarchand Foundation
"Unlocking Your Tomorrow"
Lace Field Representative
OH... THE SITE VISIT... YES, EXCUSE ME...
I'VE, UH, BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR VISIT, ACTUALLY.
I'VE RECENTLY MADE A NEW DISCOVERY THAT I'M VERY, UH, EXCITED ABOUT. I THINK IT COULD MAKE A MAJOR CONTRIBUTION TO THE STUDY OF FRACTALS, MAYBE EVEN REVOLUTIONIZE THE FIELD.


EXCELLENT! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE IT!
BUT BEFORE WE DISCUSS YOUR NEW FINDINGS, I'M SURE YOU'LL BE INTERESTED TO SEE WHAT WE'VE ALREADY MANAGED TO ACCOMPLISH THANKS TO YOUR WORK, EH?
COME THIS WAY...

YOU SEE, PROFESSOR, I'M NOT MUCH OF A THEORETICIAN MYSELF, I'M MORE OF A TECHNICIAN.
FOR SOME TIME NOW, I'VE BEEN ATTEMPTING, WITH SOME SUCCESS, TO IMPROVE UPON THE CHAOTIC HUMAN FORM-- TO BRING SOME SEMBLANCE OF ORDER TO IT.
YET, DESPITE MY BEST EFFORTS, THERE WAS ALWAYS A RANDOM ELEMENT INVOLVED IN MY WORK-- WHERE TO BEGIN, WHICH IMPROVEMENTS TO CHOOSE, AND SO ON.
BUT BY APPLYING YOUR THEORIES OF FRACTALS, I HAVE MANAGED TO REMOVE THAT RANDOM ELEMENT.
WITH YOUR HELP, MY FRIEND, I HAVE CREATED--
--MY MASTERPIECE!
AWESOME, ISN'T IT, TO SEE YOUR THEORIES TAKE ON A LIFE OF THEIR OWN?

...MY GOD...
WELL, PROFESSOR? WHAT DO YOU THINK?
IS...
...IS THAT MY DELTA PATTERN?
WHY, YES. YES IT IS. I'M PLEASED YOU RECOGNIZE IT.
IS THERE SOME WAY...
...TO SPEED UP THE PROCESS?
HA HA! PROFESSOR, YOU ARE A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART!
EEEEEAAAAAAARRRR
HHHHUUUU

EH?
HE-HE'S RETURNING?!
UNCHANGED?!
THIS IS YOUR FAULT! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
I-IT'S MY NEW DISCOVERY... THE ONE I TOLD YOU ABOUT...
WITH THIS PARTICULAR PATTERN... AS THE NUMBER OF ITERATIONS APPROACHES INFINITY...
THE OBJECT RESUMES ITS ORIGINAL FORM.


WHAT?!
DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THE ULTIMATE ORDER IS THAT ORIGINAL, FLAWED, CHAOTIC... HUMAN FORM?!
PERHAPS I'VE BEEN MISTAKEN ABOUT YOU, "PROFESSOR!"
THERE'S CLEARLY SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOUR FINDINGS-- WITH YOUR ENTIRE THEORY, IN FACT!
BUT I'M A REASONABLE MAN.
I'M GOING TO RENEW YOUR FUNDING FOR ONE YEAR SO THAT YOU CAN FIND YOUR MISTAKE AND CORRECT IT.
ONE YEAR. AND IF YOU FAIL TO FIND YOUR ERROR BY THEN...
WELL, THERE ARE ALWAYS PLENTY OF OTHER GRANT PROPOSALS THAT NEED TEST SUBJECTS.
PUBLISH OR PERISH, PROFESSOR.
PUBLISH OR PERISH.

THE END

CITY HALL, 4 PM.
THIS IS PRECISELY THE KIND OF THING WE NEED TO TURN OUR CITY AROUND -- PHILADELPHIA IS SUPPOSED TO BE KNOWN FOR ITS BROTHERLY LOVE, NOT THE RACIAL VIOLENCE WE'VE BEEN SEEING THESE PAST FEW MONTHS.
OFFICERS ELLIOT AND... GEORGE, IS IT? THEY'RE PERFECT!
I GOTTA ADMIT, PUTTIN' A COLORED COP TOGETHER WITH A WHITE COP -- A "RAINBOW TASK FORCE" -- WAS ONE OF MY BETTER IDEAS, YER HONOR.
DACINZA, SUCH MODESTY IS UNBECOMING TO YOU. BIG CITY CHIEF OF POLICE YOU ARE, I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T MENTION TASK FORCES IN GENERAL WERE YOUR IDEA.
OR HAVING BLACKS ON THE FORCE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
Erik Saltzgaber writer
Jackson Guice Alfred Ramirez artists
Richard Starkings letterer
NOW, GENTLEMEN, YOU ALL SHARE THE CREDIT EQUALLY WITH OUR D.A., MS. ALBERT, HERE. BUT THE SUCCESS OF THE CRACKDOWN IS WHAT REALLY COUNTS.
NICE TRY, MR MAYOR --
--BUT WE ALL KNOW THIS CRACKDOWN ON DRUG-RELATED AND RACIAL VIOLENCE IS YOUR ONLY HOPE OF SAVING YOUR BUTT IN THE NEXT ELECTION.
AND WE UNDERSTAND...
JUST WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR ANGLE, DAY?
YOU KNOW, LOUIE, I SHOULD JUST SHOW YOU, SOMETIME. I THINK YOU'D GET A REAL BANG OUT OF IT.
... HEY, I'M JUST THE ASSISTANT D.A. HERE. I MEAN, I'D LIKE MY SHARE OF THE CREDIT, TOO, BUT I'M IN IT ON A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT LEVEL.
I'VE PROBABLY GOT MORE ON THIS THAN ALL OF YOU. THIS TASK FORCE HAS TO WORK.

WEST SIDE PHILADELPHIA, 3 A.M.
ORDER MUST PREVAIL: THIS IS LEVIATHAN'S EDICT IN THIS, THE TIME OF CONFIGURATION.
IT IS A TIME IN WHICH MANKIND'S NATURE THREATENS HELL'S PERFECT ORDER, AND ITS WAR ON FLESH. LEVIATHAN HAS SENT FIVE EMISSARIES INTO THE WORLD TO QUELL THE INFECTION OF CHAOS.
YO, I GOT ROCK...
YO, MAN. YOU IN THE SHADOWS, YOU LOOKIN' TO SCORE?
Oh, YEAH...
THE RACIAL TENSIONS IN THIS CITY ARE BUT ONE ASPECT OF THE CHAOS, BUT POTENTIALLY THE MOST CAUSTIC.
FOR THIS CAUSTIC MISSION, IN ITS INFINITE WISDOM, LEVIATHAN HAS SELECTED ITS MOST CHAOTIC CHILD.
YOU WANT THE ROCK, I GOT IT. BUT DON'T MESS WITH ME, I'M PACKIN'!
YOU'RE PACKING, YOU SAY?
WHY, WHAT A COINKY-DINK. SO AM I.
JUST SAY NO
WELL, THAT'S RUDE. HURTS GOOD, THOUGH.
REMINDS ME OF THE BAD OL' DAYS IN 'NAM.
HE'S A CENOBITE. CALL HIM ATKINS. THEN RUN FOR YOUR LIFE.
NO LOSS TO THE COMMUNITY

SHIT!
WHY DO THEY ALWAYS HAVE TO RUN?
BRTTTTTTTTT
AAARRGHH!!
TAG. YOU'RE IT.
OH CHRIST, IT HURTS! W--WHAT DO YOU WANT?
A LITTLE INFORMATION. THEN, I'LL LET YOU GO.
WHAT, MAN, WHAT?!

I NEED TO KNOW WHO YOUR SUPPLIER IS, AND WHO THE BIG MEN IN THIS CITY ARE.
WHAT, YOU WANT IN ON THE ACTION? MAN, THEY EAT YOU ALI--
YOU'RE ACTING LIKE THAT WAS A REQUEST.
SOME-BODY'S SCREWING THIS BUTT HOLE OF A CITY INTO A RACIAL POWDER KEG WITH THIS DRUG WAR. THAT'S MAKING MY 'BOSS' UNCOMFORT-ABLE...
LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN BY UNCOMFORTABLE...
NO! MY... MY MAN IS A DUDE WE CALL NUTT, MAN. BALD GUY. ABOVE HIM, I DON'T KNOW.
WHERE DO I FIND HIM?
HERE ON THE WEST SIDE, NEAR THE UNIVERSITY. SOMEWHERE UP ON BALTI-MORE. HE HANGS OUT AT THE WURST HOUSE.
YO, MAN, WHATCHOO GONNA DO? GONNA TAKE OVER HIS PATCH, MAKE SOME MONEY?
SKRTCH!
OH, YEAH.
I PLAN TO MAKE A KILLING.

FIVE AM.
SMALL TIMER.
WORKED FOR THE NUTT.
DID SOME VOLUME.
NO LOSS TO THE COMMUNITY.
WE'LL GET A NICE WRITE-UP.
THANKS, INSPECTOR DIEHL. WE APPRECIATE THE CHIEF SENDING HIS RIGHT HAND MAN DOWN. WE KNOW HOW BUSY YOU ARE.
CITY HALL DOESN'T TELL ME WHERE YOU GET YOUR INFO, BUT IT'S GOOD.
BALLISTICS MATCHES THE BULLETS IN THE WALL WITH HIS PISTOL, AND THERE'LL BE NO PROBLEM WITH INTERNAL AFFAIRS.
THIS'S YOUR FOURTH SHAKEDOWN IN TEN DAYS. HOW DO YOU DO IT? YOU WENT HAND TO HAND WITH THE GUY, AND GOT HIM WITH HIS OWN KNIFE.
DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD IT IN YOU.
YEAH, WELL YOU KNOW HOW IT IS, UH, HIM OR ME. AND I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT I CAN'T DIVULGE THE TASK FORCE'S SOURCES. MAYOR'S ORDERS.
YOU STILL THINK THIS IS OUR OPPORTUNITY TO DO SOME GOOD?
DOES THAT KID'S CORPSE LOOK GOOD TO YOU?
YOU HEARD THE INSPECTOR: "NO LOSS TO THE COMMUNITY." I AGREE. BESIDES, THE PUBLICITY WE'VE BEEN GETTING HASN'T EXACTLY HURT YOUR CAREER.
WHAT IF IT'D BEEN A WHITE KID?
WHAT THEN, "PARTNER?"

LATER. AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE.
GOD, BUT I AM SO TIRED OF THIS CRAP. HOW LONG IS THIS GOING TO GO ON?
MISTER BIG SHOT ASSISTANT D.A -- YOU WANT OUT? YOU TELL HIM. I PREFER TO STAY ALIVE.
HE WON'T KILL US. HE'S PSYCHO ENOUGH TO, SURE, WITH HIS TALK OF HELL AND DEMONS, AND HIS MISSION -- BUT HE WON'T HURT US.
HE NEEDS US.
WHAT I NEED IS A NEW SCOPE.
VIP VIP VIP
THIS ONE PULLS ABOUT AN INCH TO THE RIGHT.
WHAT YOU NEED IS TO STAY IN MY GOOD GRACES. SUCH AS THEY ARE.

DO YOU THINK WE COULD PLEASE TALK ABOUT --
SHUT UP.
TELL YOUR BOY, OFFICER GEORGE, TO BE AT WURST HOUSE TONIGHT AT TEN. DRESS INFORMAL, THOUGH KEVLAR IS RECOMMENDED.
AND YOU, "FRAULEIN SVENGALI," MAKE SURE THAT THE CHARMING OFFICER ELLIOT IS ON HAND AS WELL. TEN SHARP. THIS OUGHT TO BE GOOD.
LISTEN, BLOW MY HEAD OFF IF YOU WANT TO --
YEAH, OKAY...
WAIT! WAIT! JESUS CHRIST, WAIT!
CAN YOU, CAN YOU LISTEN FOR A MOMENT?!
WHATTYA GOT, JUNIOR? LET'S RELATE.
CAN'T YOU TELL ME A LITTLE OF WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? I MEAN, YOU'RE SLAUGHTERING PEOPLE AND WE'RE MANAGING TO GET GOOD PRESS, BUT...
I MEAN, HOW LONG CAN THIS GO ON? AND WHAT DO YOU GET OUT OF ALL THIS?

IT'LL TAKE AS LONG AS I NEED IT TO, FOR MY MISSION TO SUCCEED. THE TOUGH PART FOR YOU IS THAT I'M KIND OF ENJOYING IT.
MIGHT TAKE A WHILE.
DAMMIT, THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH! I'VE RIDDEN WITH YOU THIS FAR BECAUSE OUR GOALS WERE SIMILAR -- BUT NOW THIS WHOLE THING IS STARTING TO COME APART!
ELLIOT AND GEORGE ARE DEFINITELY NO LONGER SEEING EYE-TO-EYE, AND THE BODY COUNT IS GETTING A LITTLE TOO HIGH.
IT'S TRUE.
ELLIOT IS MORE CONVINCED THAN EVER THAT SHE HAS BEEN CHOSEN FOR THIS, AND SHE NO LONGER NEEDS GEORGE. SHE THINKS HE LACKS THE PROPER SPIRITUALITY.
SHE WAS CHOSEN -- THEY BOTH WERE. IF ONLY THEY COULD BE REPLACED AS EASILY AS YOU TWO...
REPLACED, RIGHT...
... YOU'D BE IN NO BETTER SHAPE THAN WE, IF THIS WHOLE THING COMES UNRAVELED. A LIFETIME IN POLITICS HAS TAUGHT ME TO LEAVE A PAPER TRAIL, THAT WOULD END RIGHT AT YOUR DOOR!
YEAH, AND THEY'D ALL BE WELCOME THROUGH IT, YOU --
LOOK, THE BOTTOM LINE IS ALL THIS KILLING HAS SENT RACIAL TENSIONS TO AN ALL TIME HIGH! IT'S WORSE THAN THE DRUGS WERE DOING! WHAT DO WE DO IF THIS POWDER KEG IGNITES?
I ALWAYS FIGURED I WAS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY KILLER. I'LL JUST HAVE TO WORK HARDER AT EVENING UP THE COLOR OF THE BODY COUNT.
YOU KEEP DOING WHAT I TELL YOU. THIS IS MY SHOW, AND I CALL THE SHOTS, SO TO SPEAK... YOU PEOPLE JUST TOE THE LINE--

"...AND STAY ALIVE."
YOU HEARD?
YEAH. WURST HOUSE AT TEN O'CLOCK. I'LL BE THERE. NICE NEIGHBORHOOD.
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT THE HELL IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
NOTHING, LESTER.
REMEMBER YOUR THEORY ABOUT MIDDLE CLASS DRUG USE? FUNNY, BUT WE ALWAYS SEEM TO WIND UP IN THE SAME PLACES IN THESE BUSTS, AND IT'S NOT MAIN LINE...
POLICE
LOOK, YOU W--
YOU GUYS OUT AGAIN TONIGHT?
POLICE DEPT
GONNA DO SOME GOOD? YOU GUYS'RE HOT!
HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT YOU TWO'VE BROUGHT MORALE UP A LOT AROUND HERE. KEEP IT UP.
CLEAN UP THOSE SLUMS.
YOU WERE SAYING?
SEE YOU ON THE STREET, OFFICER.
NOT IF I SEE YOU FIRST, LESTER.

WURST HOUSE. 9:45 P.M.
HEY, FELLAS, 'SUP?
HOT AIR FOR EVERY OCCASION
XXX
OUT OF BUSINESS
TAKE A WALK, MAN.
FOOD ANY GOOD HERE? I HEARD IT SUCKS.
GEEZ, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET SO EXCITED. IT'S JUST WHAT I HEARD.
CRAKK CRAKK
VIP
RIGHT ABOUT NOW YOU MIGHT WANT TO GET EXCITED...
CHHOKA CHHOKA

-- GET THAT MOTHER! DON'T LET HIM NEAR NUTT!
-- I HIT HIM! I KNOW I --
-- WHAT'D HE DO TO FRANKIE AN' --
-- GET IN THERE! MAKE SURE THOSE GOONS DON'T TOUCH ZANE --!
SOMEBODY ORDER PIZZA?
YO, NUTT, I SHOULD'VE KNOWN YOU'D TRY AN' PULL SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS! YOU'RE SCREWIN' THE WRONG GUY!
ME?! PATHETIC, ZANE! YOU CAN CRAM IT IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GETTING OVER ON ME WITH THIS CRAP!
YOU FIGHT, YOU DIE!
TELL YOU WHAT: LET'S ALL FIGHT, THEN ALL OF YOU CAN DIE.
WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE WASTE THAT ASSHOLE, WHOEVER HE IS?
SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN.
OPEN FIRE!
CHHOKA CHOKKA CHO

REEOO REEOO REEOO
WURST
THIS IS IT -- HEY, D'YOU... HEAR SOMETHING?
PPD-36
YAAAAAAA
KERRRSH
DAMN, LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE A LITTLE EARLY. THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT?
36
I'D WORRY ABOUT YOUR *OWN* SELF, IF I WAS YOU. WHATEVER'S BEEN HITTIN' THIS CITY -- AND TAKING OUT THE DEALERS WE'VE BEEN GETTING CREDIT FOR -- *IS IN* THERE!
WE'RE ABOUT TO MEET OUR GIFT HORSE. CAN *YOU* HANDLE *THAT*?
COVER ME.
I'M BEHIND YOU. DON'T SWEAT IT.

MY GOD, LESTER, THE BODIES...
BDDRRP
BDDRRP
OH, SHIT -- IT'S THEM COPS FROM TV! THE OREO COOKIES!
COVER THEM -- THEN FIND THAT PSYCHO...
OH, BOYS...
CHHOKA CHOKKA
... WELCOME TO YOUR PARTY!
I'M ONE HELL OF A GUARDIAN ANGEL, Huh?
W-WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU?

FREEZE! DON'T MOVE OR I'LL SHOOT!
H--HKKK
GO AHEAD, KNOCK YERSELF OUT. GETTING SHOT HURTS, BUT I KIND OF DIG IT. IT'S GREAT MOTIVATION.
WE MEAN IT, MAN, WE'LL BLOW YOU AWAY.
RELAX, KOJAK, WHO DO YOU THINK'S BEEN SPONSORING YOUR LITTLE HEROICS LATELY? THE TOOTH FAIRY.
TOO BAD WE COULDN'T HAVE MET UNDER BETTER CIRCUMSTANCES. ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW IF IT GETS ANY BETTER THAN THIS. JUST SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE FAME...
... AND KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.
YOU'RE... WE'RE LETTIN' HIM WALK?!
DAMMIT, HOW DO WE STOP HIM?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ALL THIS, LESTER...
YOU WERE THE ONE WHO WANTED ALL THIS.
BULLSHIT! WHAT I WANTED WAS THE CHANCE TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN THIS CITY, TO CLEAN UP THE SCUM!
BLACK SCUM, YOU MEAN.
GOOD, LESTER, RETREAT TO THE LAST REFUGE OF THE TRULY SPINELESS: RACISM. YOU KNOW YOU WANTED IN ON THIS TASK FORCE AS MUCH AS I DID.
IT'S REAL EASY TO BLAME IT ON RACISM NOW THAT WE GOT SOME PROBLEMS.
I JUST HAVEN'T SEEN THE TRIGGER PULLED ON TOO MANY WHITE BOYS YET, IS ALL.
H-HKKE...
OH, REALLY?
KRAK
H-HEL--
THERE, YOU HAPPY NOW?
MURDERER!
CANDY ASS!

LOOK! THE MAYOR'S INTER-RACIAL TASK FORCE HAS DONE IT AGAIN! ANY COMMENTS ON TODAY'S RAID?
DAMMIT, DAMMIT.
CHRIST, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS PACKING? MUST BE TWENTY CORPSES IN HERE!
HOW DO YOU INTEND TO DEAL WITH THE CROWD ASSEMBLING OUTSIDE?
CROWD? WHAT CROWD?
YOU ENJOY KILLING THE BROTHERS, BITCH?
YOU GET OFF ON THAT?
HEY, MAN, WHATCHOO TALKING ABOUT KILLING BLACKS?
IT'S THE NIGGER DOIN' THE KILLIN', AND IT'S WHITES DYIN'!
CHANNEL 7
...THE SCENE TONIGHT AT THE WURST HOUSE IN WEST PHILADELPHIA, WHERE THE MAYOR'S TASK FORCE IS BEING CREDITED WITH AN UN-PRECEDENTED MASSACRE IN AN ALLEGED DRUG DEALERS' DEN, INCREASING ALREADY STRETCHED RACIAL TENSIONS.
IN OTHER NEWS, HOME-LESS ACTIVIST LEO SHABEL ENDED HIS HUNGER STRIKE TODAY, ACHIEVING SEVERAL OF HIS DEMANDS FOR THE HOMELESS. SHABEL'S COMMUNITY PROGRAMS...
...EXCUSE ME...
...THIS JUST IN, FROM OFFICIALS ON SITE AT THE WURST HOUSE POLICE MASSACRE...
...A CONFIRMATION OF THE DEATH COUNT AT TWENTY-SIX PEOPLE. THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS.
FOR THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE TO TRIUMPH, ORDER MUST PREVAIL.
BUT THE CLOSER THIS BASTARD SON OF ORDER GETS TO THAT END, THE MORE HE RELISHES THE CHAOS OF THE MEANS.
CALL HIM ATKINS, A CREATURE WITH A MISSION--AND THE BEGINNINGS OF HIS OWN AGENDA.

THE END

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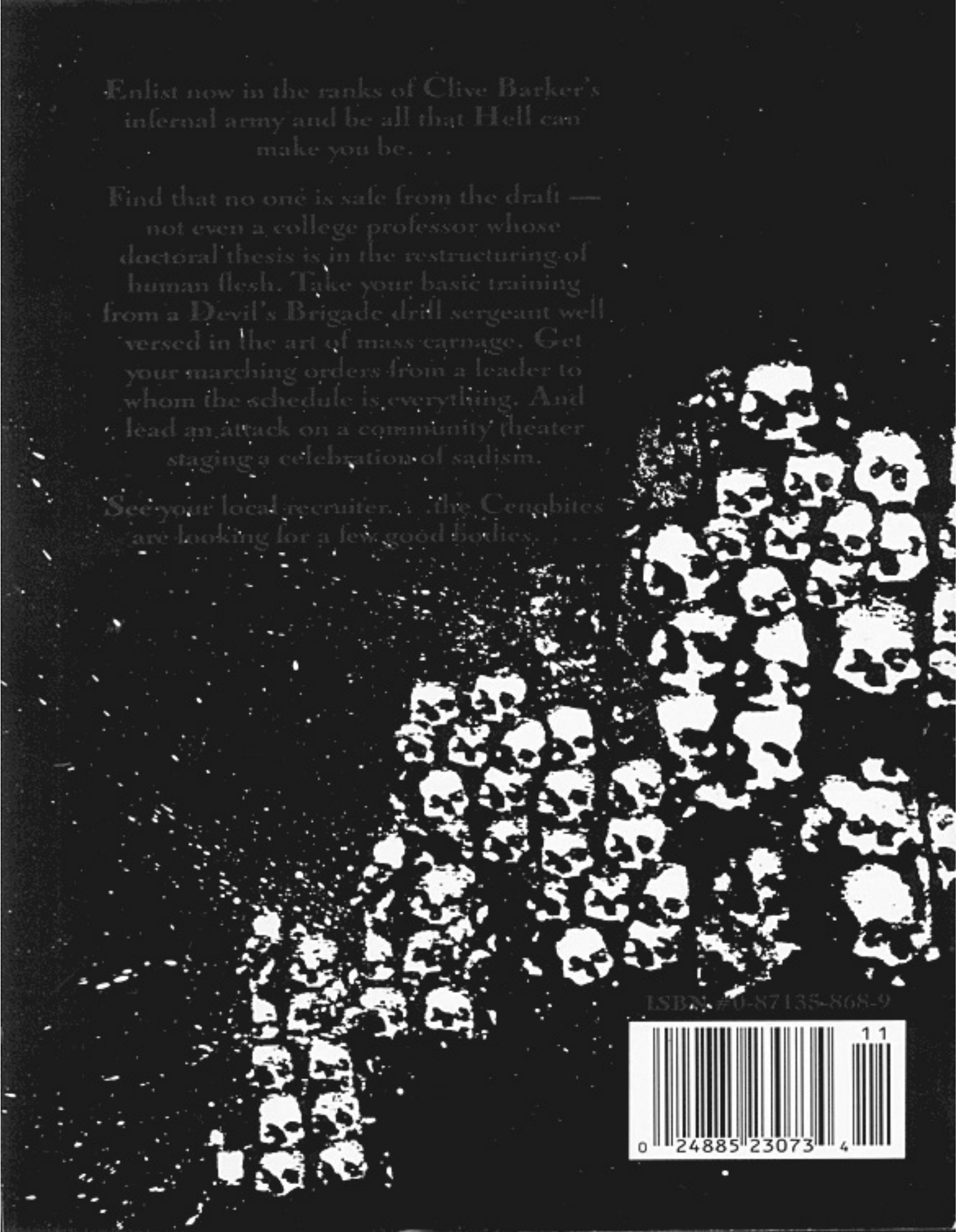
See your local recruiter. . . the Cenobites are looking for a few good bodies. . .



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